Youth's Warning-Piece;

1079. c. 13
5

The Tragical

HISTORY

OF

George Barnwell;

WHO

Was undone by a STRUMPET,

That caused him to rob his MASTER;

And Murder his UNCLE.

By others' Harm learn to be Wise,

And ye shall do full well.

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Bow Lane, London.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

And behold there met him an Harlot, ſubtle of Heart, and ſhe kiſſed him, and ſaid unto him, I have decked my Bed with fine Linnen, come let us take our fill of Love until the Morning

SARAH MILLWOOD.

The Lips of a ſtrange Woman drop as an Honeycomb, and her mouth is ſweeter than Oil.

But her End is as bitter as Wormwood, ſharp as a two-edged Sword.

THE HISTORY OF George Barnwell.

GEORGE BARNWELL, was the ſon of Mr. WILLIAM BARNWELL, a very eminent and wealthy Goldſmith, in Lombard Street.

George's father dying whilſt he was very young he was left to the Care of an Uncle, who lived in a Village near London. This Gentleman had a great affection for George, and having no Child of his own, treated him in all Reſpects as a Son: giving him a very liberal Education, and when he was old enough, put him Apprentice to Mr. Thoroughgood, a Merchant, with whom he lived three or Years, behaving himſelf in ſuch a Manner, as endeared him to the whole family.

Mr. Thoroughgood had an only Daughter, whoſe name was Maria, beauteous and virtuous, and about the ſame age with Barnwell. George was tall and handſome of a modeſt genteel Deportment and Maria was particularly ſenſible of it.

Mr

Mr. Thoroughgood had alſo another Apprentice named Truman, with whom George lived in ſuch Friendſhip, that neither did any Thing without the other's Advice; till an Affair happened in which all Youth think themſelves too Wiſe to take Council: Such is the Frailty of Human Nature!

Mrs. Millwood, a Lady of the Town, who long had a Deſign upon George, took care to meet him in Cheapſide. She made a full ſtop, and gazing at his face, aſked him his Name? He bluſhed, and bowing very low, anſwered, George Barnwell.—She begged his Pardon for the Freedom ſhe had taken, but told him, He was the Perſon ſhe had long wiſhed to ſee, and to whom ſhe had an Affair of Importance to communicate, at a proper Time and Place. He named a Tavern; but ſhe talked of Honour and Reputation, and invited him to her Houſe. He ſwallowed the Bait, and promiſed to come, which he accordingly did, and was received with great ſeeming Modeſty.

After ſome Talk, he wanted to be gone, but ſhe begged him to ſtay Supper, which he with much entreaty conſented to; and after ſupper ſhe prevailed with him to ſtay all Night. Nor would ſhe part with him in the Morning till ſhe had prevailed on him to give her a conſiderable ſum of Money which he had about him of his Maſter's. A ſtrange Infatuation! when once Youth gives Way to the Arts of a deſigning Woman, he is irrecoverably loſt. He who but once ſubmits to gaze upon their ſophiſtical Beauties, puts himſelf in their Power, and is no longer Maſter of himſelf. Thus fell as hopeful a Youth as any of his Time: and thus Manner muſt every giddy unexperienced Youth be expoſed.

Every body in the Houſe was in the utmoſt Confuſion at Barnwell's Abſence, feaing ſome Accident had befallen him; for none could ſuſpect the true Cauſe. — At his Return Truman went to receive him with open Arms, but Barnwell was ſo ſenſible of his Fault, that he turned from him, but could not ſpeak; but at length, Trueman, by his kind Expreſſions, brought him a little to himſelf, and their former Friendſhip were renewed.

Thoroughgood, his Maſter, ſoon after came to chide him for ſtaying out, but was prevented by ſeeing how ſenſible he was of his Crime; and after a few kind Exhortations not to do ſo any more, he left him; when Barnwell reproached himſelf in the ſevereſt Terms for his Fault, and reſolved never to ſee Millwood more.

Alas! how frail the Reſolves of Youth, when an artful Woman has an Intereſt in the Breach of them! Millwood had too good an Opinion of Barnwell's Pocket to part with his Perſon. As ſhe found he did not renew his Viſit, ſhe took an Opportunity with her Maid Lucy to Viſit him at his Maſters; pretending a Meſſage from his Uncle to get the ſight of him. She ſoon prevailed on him to promiſe her another Viſit, which he performed; and another, till he had no Power to keep from her. Her whole Deſire was Money: and his Paſſion for her got the better of his Principles, for Sum after Sum he brought her. His Infatuation was too deeply rooted, Reaſon had no Place in his Mind; his Peace was gone, and her's only employed all his Thoughts.—At length the fatal Day arrived! Thoroughgood, punctual himſelf, expected equal Juſtice from all about him; nor had his honeſt Heart the leaſt Suſpicion of any unfair

Dealings, when he ordered his Books to be ſettled, and each of his Servants to deliver up an Account of what had been entruſted in his Hand. -- George was then thunderſtruck, to make up his Accounts was impoſſible; to ſee his Maſter under ſuch Circumſtances was worſe than Death: he flew to his Ruin for Succour, but left a Letter for Truman, informing him of the true Cauſe of his Abſence, and the Sum deficient.

Trueman, aſtoniſhed at the Letter, revolved in his Mind what could be done in ſo critical a Point: to preſerve the Character of his Friend was his firſt Wiſh; to endeavour to ſecret from his Maſter the Knowledge of one who has ſo much injured him, ſhocked him; as he thought one who concealed a Guilt in another, took Part of the Crime to himſelf.—In this Dilemma he ſhewed the Letter to Maria, lamenting the Fall of his unhappy Friend. Doubly unhappy! as his falſe Step now imbittered the Sweets of the happieſt Family in the World! for all was Peace and Confidence! Thoſe who poſſeſs no Guilt ſuſpect none.—Maria enquired the Sum deficient, and if there was any Means of replacing it, that Barnwell's Fault might eſcape her Father's Knowledge. Trueman undertook to ſet the Account right, and Maria furniſhed the Money. But alas! Barnwell was not to be found, ſo that all their Endeavours to ſave him from Ruin fell to the Ground.

Barnwell having now no longer an Opportunity to ſupply Millwood with Thoroughgood's Caſh; ſhe reſolving to make him ſtill ſubſervient to her Avarice, (which was her ruling Paſſion) by Degrees made him conſent to rob, and at length to murder his Uncle.—Miſerable Wretch, the Bounds

of Virtue once over-leaped, no Guide remains: and one Vice crowds on the Back of another, till the Ruin is compleat, and Death alone can hide from himself the Wretch whose Actions cannot bear his own Inspection.

At the naming of the Murder of his Uncle, he flew into a Rage; and called her Monster Devil, and told her she was born for his Destruction. She thought it would not answer her End to meet his Rage with her's, but affected a most passionate Fit of Grief. She told him Necessity had no Law, nor true Love no Bound: that therefore he never truely loved, but meant in her Necessity to forsake her. Then she kneeled down and swore, that since by his Refusal he had given her Cause to doubt his Love, she never would see him more; unless to prove it true, he robbed his Uncle to supply her Wants; and murdered him to keep it from Discovery.—He stood speechless, but in his Face might be read the various Passions which tore his Soul. At length he cried out, "Thou cursed Woman! "have I not already given dreadful Proofs of my Love? what drew me from my youthful Innocence, and stained my then unspotted Soul, but Love of you? what caused me to rob my worthy gentle Master, but Love? what make me me now a Fugitive from his Service, but Love of you? And what Love makes me resolve (continued he, tearing his Hair) to kill my Uncle."

Having thus brought him to consent, she made him set out immediately, for fear the few Sparks of Grace which yet remained in him, should make him abandon his Design.—Barnwell set out on his Design with all the Reluctance imaginable; and though he was sensible to the minutest Degree of the

the horridneſs of the Fact he was going to perpetrate, and made ſeveral Efforts to return, but his Infatuation for her who ſought only the Deſtruction of every Man in her Power, in Revenge for the Loſs of her own Reputation and Peace of Mind, hurried him on to his own Ruin, in the Murder of his dearly loving and beloved Uncle.

Being at length arrived at the Village where his Uncle lived, he waited in a ſecret Place till the Time he knew he would be by himſelf at his Meditation in his Garden (as it was his daily Cuſtom to ballance Account with Heaven, that he might always be prepared for that Moment in which he might be called); and then maſking himſelf, went to meet him. George preſented a Piſtol, and was going to ſhoot him, but his Conſcience gave him ſuch a Check he could not do it, but threw away the Piſtol: His Uncle hearing it fall, and ſeeing a Man ſo near him maſked, was going to draw his Sword, which George perceiving, immediately ſtabbed him. The old Man prayed Heaven with his laſt Breath to bleſs and proſper his Nephew; and to forgive his Murderer. George overcome with this Goodneſs, diſcovered himſelf. — The Reader may imagine what Aſtoniſhment the Uncle was in, at ſeeing his Nephew was the Perſon who who had murdered him: He could not ſpeak, but kiſſing him, yielded up his Breath. Barnwell's Agonies were prodigious; he fainted away on the Body, and when he recovered was going to kill himſelf, only he remembered the Laws of Chriſtianity forbid Self-Murder.

Lucy, who was Millwood's Servant, and well trained in the Paths of Vice, had yet ſo much Tenderneſs left, ſhe could not bear the Thoughts of her

Millwood's Barbarity, in ſending George to deſtroy his beſt Friend; in whoſe Fall himſelf muſt be involved. She reſolved if poſſible to prevent the Miſchief from being carried into Execution; and to that End waited on Thoroughgood, telling him the Errand George was gone, and among other Things informed him of his own Loſs. — Thoroughgood was unwilling to believe her, as he found no Deficiency in George's Caſh, and therefore was in hopes that the other Part was as falſe as his having embezzled the Money: But ſhe aſſuring him it was true, he ſent one of the Servants to the Uncle's Houſe. But alas! 'twas too late, for he had done the Matter.

George, as ſoon as the Murder was over, retired to Millwood's, his Fear being ſo great, that he could not ſtay to take any Money from him; and Millwood finding he had not brought her any, ſent for an Officer, and delivered him up, acculing him of Murder.

Soon after Thoroughgood coming to ſee her, ſhe with a moſt conſummate Impudence denied it, but ſaid, "I have ſeen him with my Maid Servant ſeveral Times, and have been informed that he had a moſt violent Paſſion for her, and ſhe for him, but until then I thought it innocent. I know my Maid to be very poor, and given to expenſive Pleaſures, and therefore I imagine that ſhe influenced him to commit the Murder to ſupply her Extravagancies."

This and more Arts ſhe uſed to perſuade him of her Innocence, and withal urged her betraying him; but Lucy had too well informed him of her Arts for him to be deceived by her. Atlength ſhe ſaid, "I have an Evidence within my Houſe that will ſilence all Objections againſt my Conduct." While ſhe

was gone in, Lucy and Trueman arrived, bringing with them some Officers to secure her, which they did, as she was returning to Thoroughgood with a Pistol in her Hand. She was immediately sent to Newgate, where she lay till the ensuing Sessions.

The Trial was mournful; Barnwell's youth and modest Deportment drew Tears from every Eye. When placed at the Bar, with many Tears and interrupting Sobs he confessed and aggravated his Offences, without in the least accusing Millwood, the infamous Author of his Ruin. She stood shameless and unconcerned by his Side, viewing with Pride and Contempt the numerous Assembly who all with sympathizing Sorrow wept for the wretched Youth. She, when called upon to Answer, loudly insisted upon her Innocence, and made an artful and bold Defence; but finding all in vain (the Jury and learned Judges concurring to find her Guilty) how did she curse herself, her Judges, and all Mankind! But what could that avail, she was condemned, and must suffer.

As soon as they were condemned Thoroughgood sent a Divine, whose Abilities he was well acquainted with, to Barnwell; nor was Millwood forgotten, but she, unhappy Woman, continued obstinate, and refused all Assistance.

While he was in Prison his Master came to him, and found him preparing for his long and last Journey, and gave him some good Advice for a Person in his Circumstances; but the good old Man was so affected with his Misfortunes that he could not stay long with him.

He was then visited by Trueman, whom he wished much to see, but when he came George's Grief was so great that he could not speak to him for some

Time. However, at length he did, and then fell to aggravating his Crimes, which Trueman defired him not to do: but to make himself as eaſy as his Condition would permit; ſaying, 'My dear friend, had you but truſted me when firſt the fair Seducer tempted you, all had been well.' Then anſwered Barnwell, 'O talk not of what might have been: for I have not taken one Step ſince firſt I ſaw that falſe Fair One, but what has tended to my Ruin.'

While they were diſcourſing, in came Maria, who among other Efforts to reſtore him a little to his Peace of Mind, for the ſhort Time he had to live, told him, That ſhe muſt and would partake his Grief. He begged her to make herſelf happy, and added, That when he was dead, he ſhould be quickly forgotten. She anſwered, You will never be out of my Memory while my Life laſteth, for my Love is as ſincere as diſintereſted. They were at laſt interrupted by the Officers ſummoning Barnwell to his Death; which ſo affected Maria, that ſhe fainted away. George begged them to pray for for him; and ſaid, "Early my Race of Wickedneſs began, and ſoon has reach'd the Summit, 'ere Nature finiſh'd her Work, and ſtamp'd me Man; juſt when others began to ſtray my Courſe is finiſhed. And, Juſtice, in Compaſſion to Mankind, cuts off a Wretch like me; by one Example to ſecure Thouſands from future Ruin."—Thus he parted from Trueman and Maria.

Never were greater Inſtances of Innocence and Wickedneſs than in Barnwell and Millwood, when going to their Death. Barnwell praying all the Way he went: and on the contrary Millwood blaſpheming. Barnwell tried all poſſible means to make her ſenſible of the Mercy of the Omnipotent

Power; but she told him, "Mercy is above my Hopes, and almost above my Wish; for I have indeed above the Reach of mercy." And hearing him pray to Heaven to grant her his Grace before she died; she said, If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself and not for me.

In this manner they at length arrived at the place where a Period was to be put to all their miseries in this World.—George there made a very pathetic Speech, exhorting all young men to have a Care of the Wiles of lowd Women; but in a more particular manner he desired them to leave off all Deceits for the Time to come, in Relation to Women: for itwas their own Falshood in debauching them, on a Promise of Marriage, and so deserting them, that made them give themselves up to all manner of Wickedness, and do their utmost to ruin all men who come within their Power.

An Excellent

OLD BALLAD

Setting forth

The Weakneſs and Folly of Youth,

In following the Steps of lewd Women

Which always lead to Deſtruction.

ALL ye Youths of fair England,
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my ſtory that I tell,
and to my Song give ear.
A London Lad I was,
a merchant's prentice bound;
My name's George Barnwell, that did ſpend
my maſter many a pound.
Take heed of harlots then,
and their enticing Charms;
For by that means I have been brought
to hang alive in Chains.
As I upon a certain day,
was walking through the ſtreet,
About my maſter's buſineſs,
a wanton I did meet.
A gallant dainty dame,
and ſumptuous in attire;
With ſmiling look ſhe greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declared,
she gave me then a kiss,
And said if I would come to her,
I should have more than this,
In faith, my boy, said she,
such news I can thee tell,
As shall rejoice your very heart,
so come where I do dwell.
Fair mistress, then quoth I,
could I the place but know,
This evening I would be with thee,
for I abroad must go
For to gather some money in,
that is my master's due:
And ere that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you.
Good Barnwell, then quoth she,
do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
next door unto the Gun.
And trust me on my truth,
if thou keep touch with me,
For my Friend sake, and as my heart,
you shall right welcome be.
Then parted we in peace,
and home I passed right;
So went abroad, and gather'd in,
by six o'clock at night.
An hundred pounds and one,
with Bag under my arm;
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
and thought on little harm.
And knocking at the door,
straitway herself came down;
Rusling in most rich attire,
her hood and silken gown.
Who through her beauty bright,
so gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazling eyes,
she seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,
and with a modeſt grace,
Welcome, ſweet Barnwell, then ſaid ſhe,
unto this homely place.
Welcome ten thouſand times,
more welcome than my brother,
And better welcome, I proteſt,
than any one or other.
And ſince I have thee found,
as good as thy word to be;
A homely ſupper ere we part,
thou ſhalt here take with me.
O pardon me, quoth he,
ſweet miſtreſs I you pray;
For why out of my maſter's houſe,
ſo long I dare not ſtay.
Alas! good Sir, ſaid ſhe,
are you ſo ſtrictly ty'd?
You may not with a deareſt Friend,
one hour or two abide.
Faith then the caſe is hard,
if it be ſo, quoth ſhe;
wiſh I were a prentice bound,
to live along with thee:
Therefore my deareſt George,
liſt well what I ſhall ſay,
And do not blame a Woman much,
her fancy to betray,
Let not affections forc'd
be counted leud deſire,
Nor think it immodeſty,
I ſhould thy love require.
With that ſhe turn'd aſide,
and with a bluſhing red;
A mournful motion ſhe bewray'd,
by hanging down her head.
A handkerchief ſhe had,
being wrought with ſilk and gold;
Now to dry up her trickling tears,
before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my ſight
was wondrous fine and ſtrange,
And in my ſoul and inward thought,
it wrought a ſudden change,
That I ſo wicked grew,
to take her by the hand:
Saying, ſweet miſtreſs, why do you
ſo dull and penſive ſtand?
Call me no miſtreſs now,
but Sarah, thy ſweet Friend,
Thy ſervant Millwood, honouring thee,
until thy life doth end,
If thou wouldſt here alledge,
in years thou art a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he,
fair Venus' only joy.
Thus I who ne'er before,
of Women found more grace,
But ſeeing now ſo fair a Dame,
give me a kind embrace.
I ſupp'd with her that night,
with Joys that did abound;
And for the ſame paid preſently,
in money twice three pounds.
An hundred kiſſes then,
for my farewel ſhe gave;
Crying, ſweet Barnwell, when ſhall I
thy company again have?
O ſtay not too long, my love,
ſweet George, have me in mind,
Her words bewitch'd my childiſhneſs,
ſhe utter'd them ſo kind.
So that I made a vow,
next Sunday without fail,
With my ſweet Sarah once again,
to tell ſome pleaſant tale.
As ſhe heard me ſay ſo,
the tears fell from her eyes,
O George, ſays ſhe, if thou doſt fail
thy Sarah ſurely dies.

Though long, yet lo! at laſt,
the appointed day was come.
That I muſt with my Sarah meet,
having a mighty ſum
Of money in my hand,
unto her houſe went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed,
in ſaddeſt ſort did lie.
What ails my heart's delight;
my Sarah dear, quoth I;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
nor ſighing pine, and die.
But tell me my ſweet love,
what may thy woes amend?
And thou ſhalt want no means of help,
though forty pounds I ſpend.
With that ſhe turn'd her head,
and tickly thus did ſay;
Oh me, ſweet George, my grief is great,
ten pounds I have to pay
Unto a cruel Wretch,
and God knows, quoth ſhe
I have it not. Piſh, riſe, he ſaid,
and take it here of me.
Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
ſhall make my love decay;
Then from his Bag into her lap,
he caſt ten pound ſtraitway.
All blithe and pleaſant then,
to banqueting they go;
She profer'd him to lie with her,
and ſaid it ſhould be ſo.
And after that ſame time,
he got her ſtore of coins;
Yea, ſome times fifty pounds,
all which he did purloin.
And thus he did paſs on,
until his maſter then
Did call to have his Reckoning,
caſt up among his men.

All which when he heard,
he knew not what to ſay;
For well he knew that he was out,
two hundred pounds that day.
So from his maſter ſtrait,
he ran in ſecret ſort;
And unto Sarah Milwood then
his caſe he did report.
But how ſhe us'd this Youth,
in this his extreme need,
The which did her neceſſity
ſo oft with money feed.
The ſecond PART behold,
ſhall tell it forth at large;
And ſhall a Strumpet's wiley ways,
with all her arts diſcharge.

PART II.

HERE comes Parnwell unto thee,
ſweet Sarah my Heart's delight,
am undone unleſs thou ſtand
my faithful friend this night.
Our maſter to command accompts,
has juſt occaſion found;
And I am found behind hand
above two hundred pounds,
And knowing not at all,
what anſwer him to make;
And his Diſpleaſure to eſcape
my way to thee I take.
Hoping in this extremity,
you will my ſuccour be,
So that ſome time I may remain
in ſafety here with thee.
With that ſhe knit her brows,
and looking all awry,
Quoth ſhe, what can I have to do,
with any prentice Boy?

And ſince you've ſtolen and gave
your maſter's Goods away.
Your caſe is bad, and therefore here
you ſhall no longer ſtay.
Why dear, thou know'ſt, he ſaid,
how all which I could get,
I gave, and did ſpend it all
upon thee every whit.
You know I love you well,
you could not aſk a thing,
But that I did incontinent
unto thee, the ſame bring.
Quoth ſhe, thou art a paultry Jack,
for to charge me in this ſort,
Being a Woman of credit good,
and known of good Report,
And therefore this I tell thee flat,
be packing with good ſpeed,
I do defy thee from my heart,
and ſcorn this wicked deed.
Is this the love and friendſhip that
you did to me proteſt?
Is this the great affection which
you ſeemed to expreſs?
Now fie on all deceitful Shrews,
the beſt is, I may ſpeed,
To get a lodging anywhere,
for money in my need.
So now falſe Woman farewell,
whilſt twenty pounds do laſt.
My anchor, in ſome other haven,
with freedom I will caſt.
When ſhe perceived by his Words
how he had, money ſtore;
That ſhe gall'd him in ſuch a ſort,
it grieved her full ſore.
Wherefore to call him back again,
She did ſuppoſe it beſt.
Stay George, ſaid ſhe, thou too quick,
for man I did but jeſt,

Doſt think for all my Speech,
how I would let thee go,
Faith no, ſaid ſhe, my love to thee
I wiſh is more than ſo.
You won't deal with Prentice Boys,
I heard you juſt now ſwear,
Wherefore they wiſl not trouble you.
My George hearken thine ear,
You'll not go to Night, ſaid ſhe,
let what chance will befall;
But Man we'll have money for thee,
or elſe the Devil take all.
So I was by ſtrong frauds byaſs'd,
and ſnar'd with fancy ſtill,
And had no power to put away,
or to withſtand her will.
So wine and wine I call'd in,
and cheer upon good cheer;
And nothing in the world I thought,
for Sarah's love too dear.
Whilſt I was in her company,
with joy and merriment;
And all too little I did think,
that I upon her ſpent.
A fig for care and careful thought,
when all my gold is gone:
In faith, my girl, we ſhall have more,
whoe'er I light upon.
My father's rich, and then ſaid I,
ſhall I want ſtore of gold;
For with a father, a ſon, ſaid he,
may very well make bold.
I have a ſiſter richly wed,
I'll rob her e'er I'll want;
Nay, then quoth Sarah, they may well
conſider of your ſcant.
Nay, likewiſe an uncle I have,
at Ludlow he doth dwell:
He is a Grazier, who in wealth
doth allthe reſt excell.

Ere I will live in lack quoth he,
and have no coin for thee:
I'll rob his houſe, and murder him.
Why ſhould you not, quoth ſhe?
Was I a man, e'er I could want,
or live in poor eſtate:
On father, friends, and all my kin,
my talents I would grate.
For without money, George, ſaid ſhe,
a man is but a beaſt
But bringing money, thou ſhalt be
ever my welcome gueſt.
For ſay you ſhould purſued be
with twenty hues and cries:
And with a warrant ſearched for
with Argus' hundred eyes.
Yet in my houſe you ſafe ſhould be,
ſuch privy waystnere be,
That if they ſought an hundred hours,
they could not find thee.
And ſo carouſing in their cups,
their pleaſure tocontent:
George Barnwell had in little time
his money wholly ſpent.
And being gone, to Ludlow then,
he did provide to go,
To rob his rich old uncle,
his minion wotld have it ſo.
And once or twice he thought to take
his rather by theway.
But that he fear'd his maſter had
given orders for his ſtay.
Directly for his uncle then,
he rode with might and main.
And with a welcome and good cheer,
he did him entertain.
One fortnight's ſpace he ſtayed there,
until it chanced ſo,
His uncle with his cattle did
unto ſome market go.

His kinſman needs muſt ride with him,
where he did ſee right plain,
Great ſtore of money he had took,
when coming home again,
Moſt ſuddenly within a wood,
he knock'd his uncle down,
Then beat his brains out of his head,
ſo ſore he crack'd his crown.
Then eighty pounds of ready caſh,
out of his purſe he took:
Then coming up to London town,
the country quite forſook.
Unto Sarah Millwood he came,
ſhewing this ſtore of gold:
And how he had his uncle ſlain,
unto her he plainly told.
Piſh, 'tis no matter, George, ſhe ſaid,
ſo we the money have;
For to have good cheer in gallant ſort,
and to deck us fine and brave.
Now thus they liv'd in filthy ſort,
until his ſtore was gone:
When means to get him any more,
we wiſt poor George he had noue.
Now therefore thus in waſting ſort,
ſhe thruſt him out of door:
Which is the juſt reward of thoſe,
who ſpend upon a whore.
O! do me not this foul diſgrace,
in this my need, quoth he,
She call'd him thief and murderer,
with all the deſpight that might be.
And to the conſtable ſhe ſent,
for to have him apprehended:
And ſhew'd how far in each degree,
he had the laws offended.
When Barnwell ſaw the drift,
to Sea he got ſtraitway:
Here fear and dread of conſcience,
continually on him lay.

Untothe mayor of London then
he did a letter write:
In which his own and Sarah's fault,
he did at large recite.
By which she apprehended was,
and then to Ludlow sent,
And there was she condemn'd and hang'd,
for murder incontinent.
And there this gallant Quean dy'd,
which was her greatest gains,
For murder in Polonia,
was Barnwell hang'd in chains.
Lo! here's the end of wilful youth,
that after harlots haunt:
Who in the spoil of other men,
about the streets do flaunt.

FINIS.